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Dewey and Clausewitz

ONE PASSAGE in Governor Dewey's acceptance speech deserves not to be passed over in silence. He said: "Let me make it crystal clear that a change in administration next January cannot and will not involve any change in the military conduct of the war. If there is not now any civilian interference with the military and naval commands, a change in administration will not alter that status. If there is civilian interference, the new administration will put a stop to it forthwith." This is the sort of campaign utterance which sounds most convincing and admirable, yet it represents a certain looseness of thought which should not go unchallenged. The notion that there is something wrong about civilian interference in military affairs seems to be very common among Americans, although our tradition as a nation has always included far more interference of this sort than most people would suspect, and the necessity of military subordination to civil power is one of the very keystones of our way of life.

It is perfectly obvious that a certain type of civilian interference is mere meddling, and is likely to be costly both in matériel and in human lives. Such meddling is probably what Governor Dewey had principally in mind, although he does not explicitly say so, and his statement covers a far wider range. It is in connection with broad questions of policy and their expression in military terms that civilian interference is not only essential but inevitable. To work on any other principle is to assume that our generals and admirals are really the rulers of the nation, with whom rests the final decision as to our major national purposes, and certainly no American would be willing to entrust matters of this sort to our military men *per se,* no matter how much we may admire them. The shopworn dictum of von Clausewitz that war is merely a continuation of politics remains fundamentally true. And fundamentally the difference between the kind of government we prefer and the kind of government nations like Germany and Japan have recently preferred lies precisely in whether the politics or the war is paramount. In Germany there has been a tendency for the last hundred years to subordinate everything to the demands of the Great General Staff; in our country we have insisted upon the complete subordination of the armed forces to our government. And this means that all along the line our system demands civilian interference in military and naval affairs. Thus ultimately the decision as to whether or not we should have a second front had to remain with the President and his Cabinet. It is their job under our Constitution to make such decisions. On a much lower level of importance, ultimate appeal from courts martial, such matters as racial discrimination in the services, methods of enlistment, and many other seeming details rest with civilian authorities.

Even questions of strategy and tactics sometimes have to be resolved by civilian authority. It would be well for those who think that the military should be left to their own devices to remember that if the counsel of the French generals had been taken during the last war, the outcome would have been very different. It was Clemenceau, a civilian of civilians, who decided that the war was not lost and who found generals to implement his decision.

The USSR Continues to Evolve

THE NEW Soviet decree on the subject of divorce, as well as the establishment there of higher scales of family allowances, would seem to indicate another step toward the disappearance of doctrinaire Marxism from Russia. That there has been a real change in the official religious policy of the Bolshevik State seems now to be well established; but this change was entirely in the direction of toleration and did nothing to make Russia positively more Christian. The most recent changes cannot be interpreted as having been inspired by Christian motives, but they tend in a

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Christian direction. Thus apparently the grounds for divorce have not been changed, and from a Christian point of view even frivolous grounds are still considered adequate, but the procedure for getting a divorce has been so much stiffened up that if it is genuinely put into effect it will tend to make divorce virtually impossible. Likewise the general scheme of family allowances is something thoroughly congruous with Christian social ideas. Probably it represents an attempt on the part of the Russian government to increase population, or at least to make up for the unbelievable losses springing from this war. Again the motive may not be particularly exalted, but the result is good. And it is a little amusing to find the "socialist paradise" enacting legislation of this sort within a few days of similar legislation's going into effect under a strictly capitalistic government in Canada.

Politics to the North

ALTHOUGH most citizens of the United States habitually pay very little attention to Canadian affairs, the veritable revolution which is taking place in that Dominion deserves our interest and can have very real effects upon our own lives. It is gradually becoming evident that the Liberal Party is breaking up. Since its traditional opponent, the Conservative Party (now known as Progressive-Conservative), seems to have sunk into a morass of leaderlessness, the resulting vacuum is being filled rapidly by new political alignments. Among English-speaking Canadians the most important of these is the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation, already frequently discussed in these columns. The CCF has just taken power as a result of its landslide victory in Saskatchewan. The new Prime Minister of that Province, Mr. T. C. Douglas, formerly a Protestant minister and strongly Christian, has no expectation of being able to transform Saskatchewan overnight. He intends to institute a four-year plan which will make his province more highly socialized than any other governmental unit on the North American Continent, although CCF socialism is a very different thing from simon-pure Marxism. It is much closer to the democratic and fluid socialism of the British Labor Party, and the objections raised by the Church to Continental varieties of socialism scarcely apply here. It is significant, for instance, that family farm ownership is looked upon as the ideal and as something in no way to be tampered with. What the CCF will tamper with is the large, privately owned, monopolistic corporate business enterprise. Since Saskatchewan is primarily a rural area, Prime Minister Douglas will not have a very broad field on which to practice socialization. What his government does should be carefully watched by everyone interested in the economic problems of our day.

The other Canadian Province which is holding an election this year is the second largest in the Dominion—Quebec. Of course here the issue is not merely between an old line and fairly conservative party and a new and fairly liberal party. For in Quebec the situation is deeply complicated by differences in language and culture. Since the beginning of the century, French Canadians have by and large voted Liberal. Their own provincial government since the last war has suffered only one revolt against the Liberal Party, and this revolt was largely inspired by the corruption into which that Party had fallen. But the second World War has greatly changed the picture. With a Liberal Government in Ottawa, it was inevitable that French Canadian isolationism should feel it necessary to break its former political connections. The coalition which defeated the Liberal Taschereau Government in the Province a few years ago continues as the "Union Nationale." But both it and the Liberal Party have progressively yielded ground before the strongly nationalist group which calls itself the "Bloc Populaire" and, to some extent, before the CCF and the communists, the latter disguised as "Labor-Progressives."

A week or two ago the new federal Senator from Quebec, M. Bouchard, made a maiden speech at Ottawa in which he belabored French Canadian nationalism and asserted that the great majority of his compatriots desired to preserve the British connection, but that an active and vocal minority was doing its best to arouse discontent by distorting history and by means of a secret political organization, which he condemned. Probably Senator Bouchard's remarks were somewhat exaggerated, but they have aroused a whirlwind of excitement in his home province. He is himself a Liberal. Naturally the nationalist groups have used his remarks to stir up support, and even his own Liberal friends in Quebec felt it necessary to chastise him for what he said. He was immediately removed from the important and lucrative post of Chairman of the recently created provincial hydro-electric commission.

The Quebec elections are to take place on August 8, and on July 8 the Canadian Gallup Poll published the results of an inquiry into the political sentiments of the Province. Two months earlier a similar inquiry had been conducted. Within these two months the Liberals had lost slightly, as had the CCF and the Union Nationale. The greatest increase had gone to the ultra-nationalist Bloc Populaire. And so at present we have reason to believe that public sentiment in Quebec is about 37 percent Liberal, 27 percent Bloc Populaire, 14 percent Union Nationale, 9 percent Progressive-Conservative, 6 percent CCF and 7 percent "other parties" (of which the principal is the communist). Should these proportions remain unchanged until August, the Liberal Party

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will be unable to form a provincial government without the assistance of other groups, and it is conceivable that the other groups may form a coalition among themselves in order to oust the Liberals from power. In any case, the position of Mr. Mackenzie King in Ottawa will have been even more weakened than it was by the Liberal upset in Saskatchewan, and whatever happens, all Canada will be much nearer a radical change in its economic and political organization.

Father Orlemanski Again

A NEWSPAPER dispatch from Rome reports a rumor around the Vatican that Father Orlemanski will soon be going to Rome "in a private capacity." Needless to say, it is far too early to draw any positive conclusions from a mere rumor, but one or two things are very obvious and yet are frequently overlooked. It is practically certain that after the war is over at least Russian influence—if not Russian government—will have spread over areas which are predominantly Catholic. The Italian communists are reported to be ostentatious in their manifestations of friendliness toward the Church. (Don Sturzo discusses this elsewhere in this issue.) Clearly it is necessary for the Vatican to come to some sort of *modus vivendi* with a power which will be vastly influential in the lives of millions of Catholics. And if a genuine change of heart toward religion has taken place in Russia, certainly the principal obstacle to such an achievement will have been cleared away. In this whole situation, as we pointed out six weeks ago, Father Orlemanski has played an important rôle, and Catholics should suspend judgment upon his actions until they have learned the outcome.

Preparing for Peace

THE present arguments over reconversion of industry to peacetime production do not encourage one to be optimistic about our national preparation for the problems of peace. Apparently the Army and Navy are much disturbed at a slowing-down war production which seems to have resulted in part if not altogether from the good news on the fighting fronts. The military men and the War Manpower Commission are afraid that if any civilian production other than that at present permitted were to be set in motion, there would be a tendency for war workers to quit in order to safeguard their postwar economic positions. To all of this there is doubtless a good deal of validity, and yet we must face the fact that when the war ends we cannot afford to reconvert everything at once. To do that would be to invite disaster—unless we are as a nation prepared to support millions of workers in idleness while plants are retooled or rearranged for peacetime use.

The situation is further complicated by the cleavage between small and large business. Small business has been the more quickly affected by the curtailment of war contracts, apparently because the armed services find it easier to deal with large, concentrated economic units. Hence most of the industries which want to begin producing again for civilian use are small industries. Naturally the large corporations object to this because they feel that it will leave them holding the bag when peace comes. And so the fight is not being conducted purely on a basis of what is really best for the war effort, but also on a basis of selfish advantage. From the point of view of the national welfare, the probability is that Mr. Nelson is right in his decision to start reconversion now. Large corporations can easily afford a period of idleness after the war; small outfits would many of them go bankrupt if they have to close down now and cannot begin getting ready for civilian production until peace comes. And nothing could be more dangerous to our nation's health than an even greater concentration of economic power in large corporate enterprises.

It is paradoxical that the Army and Navy should express concern for the lag in war production and at the same time be canceling their contracts with small plants. A typical instance is that of a New York concern, Burchell Products, Inc. It was notified on July 1 that its Navy contract was canceled as of July 31. The practical effect was instantly to throw 900 workers on the street and to put its plant in cold storage, for this firm had been operating on an arrangement whereby the Navy met its payroll, and the notice of cancelation put a stop to that arrangement at once. Since the firm could not afford to underwrite even one month's pay out of its own resources, it had to close down.

For the moment Mr. Nelson seems to have won his fight, although certainly his opponents will not take it lying down. It is impossible for anyone not in possession of all the facts to know absolutely whether Mr. Nelson's program is the best for the country. But the men who are supporting Mr. Nelson in his determination to begin reconversion now are men in whom a good deal of confidence deserves to be placed. They are Maury Maverick of the Smaller War Plants Corporation, Joseph Keenan, WPB vice chairman for labor production, and Clinton S. Golden, vice chairman for manpower requirements. Outside the WPB, it would seem that James F. Byrnes, Director of the Office of War Mobilization, Senators Murray and Truman also favor Mr. Nelson's point of view. This, as against certain representatives of big business and the Army and Navy, seems powerful support, and one is inclined to think that Mr. Nelson is right. One thing is certain: the reconversion bridge will have to be well crossed before the fighting is over.

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The Future of Italy

The way events are shaping in that country

Luigi Sturzo

OFTEN the first question I am asked by a visitor is this: "Is it true that Italy is headed towards communism?" Or an affirmative exclamation: "Too bad! Italy is now on its way to communism." There are three causes for the diffusion of this opinion in America: first, correspondents from Italy, in order to make a sensation, feature the communist leaders, their newspapers, their statements; Togliatti and even De Vittorio are gradually supplanting Sforza and Croce, who, aside from Badoglio, have been for many months the only stars in the Italian political sky for American journalism.

After Badoglio's eclipse, Bonomi, the new Prime Minister, has found no favor in the American press. I shall not mention the others.

For a certain type of "black or white" mentality there are in Italy only monarchists *à la Badoglio* or communists *à la Togliatti*. Everyone that goes either to one side or the other of these gates of Hercules counts for nothing.

The other reason why fear of Italian communism is enlarged derives from the fact that communism, before the fascist era, counted only about twenty deputies in the Chamber and some hundred thousand workers in the General Confederation of Labor, which was dominated by the socialists. Now, after twenty-two years of persecution, with an imposing list of "martyrs of fascism" shot or dead in prison, and with a long, constant underground activity, Italian communism emerges as a party of the masses like the Socialist and the Christian Democratic Parties. This reality must be clearly seen, in its just proportions, without exaggerating its strength or minimizing its importance. Viewed in this light, communism in Italy is an indigenous party, in spite of its ties with Moscow, ties which have never attenuated the struggle against fascism, or (as in America and France) caused the Party to favor the nazi-fascist war during the period of the Stalin-Hitler accord.

The third reason, a highly sensitive one today, is that which I have called the *communism of the stomach*. For certain sections of the masses, destitute of the means of livelihood, in a country with a very considerable monetary inflation and dominated by the black market, it is not difficult to understand why the communist idea should make its appeal as an immediate remedy, or as an aid that comes, not from Washington or London, but, indeed, from Moscow.

In brief, a strong communism, possessing several aspects, was in existence yesterday (during the agony of the fascist régime), has been in existence during the government of the AMG and Badoglio, and exists today under Bonomi's government. Does this mean that Italy is going communist? We have there no Gallup poll; we cannot even trust that journalistic system (not at all European) which seeks out a certain number of "men in the street" to hear their opinion, generalize upon it and proclaim it as the result of an "inquiry on the spot."

The Italian is an individualist (even if he belongs to a well-organized party); the Italian is complex; the Italian is a critic; the Italian varies from one city to another, from one region to another. Those who believed the Italian to be ninety percent fascist were deluded; those who fear him to be fifty-one percent communist would be deluded, too. Let us beware of cheap statistics.

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A party such as the socialists which in Italy has a history, has been through heroic struggles, and claims the adherence of a certain number of intellectuals, even though it has fluctuated between pure Marxism and a reformism of adaptation, between revolution and collaboration, does not lose its hold on the masses from evening to evening, merely because Togliatti, Moscow's envoy, obtained with Badoglio and the King the success of participating in a government coalition for the first time in Europe in a great country like Italy.

It is certain that communism in Italy is gaining principally at the expense of socialism, but, to my mind, either these gains are exclusively temporary, of a political character, or they are gains which will be transformed into losses thanks to problems of program. One of the facts to be underlined is that communism in Italy has published a program (whose ten points are here before me as I write) which in large part could be underwritten by the socialists and even by the Christian democrats. In that program it is stated that the communists respect small private property, the right to inherit it and conserve it for the family, liberty of conscience and so forth.

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The doubt that I register here, because already expressed in the journalistic polemics of the Italian press, is whether they are using this program today as a bait to draw the masses and in order to come to power, later to be intending to substitute a Marxian program which will lead to radical reforms in the structure of the country.

Fascism, too, sprang up as socialist, radical, republican and anti-clerical, to become later nationalistic, conservative, monarchical and clerical. The difference lies in the fact that fascism took hold among the youth of the middle class and was financed by industrial and agrarian capitalism, so that its change was politically consistent; in the case of communism, a change towards Marxism could only be totalitarian and revolutionary, and would find the other parties (and not only the conservative right) ready to resist so as not to be subject to any trickery.

There remains only the enigma of Moscow: if communism were only an indigenous party, it could not take hold in Italy except as a transitory phenomenon of a period of misery and hunger, or as a label serving to distinguish the communist from the socialist. But the communist depends on Moscow. Viewed from this angle, the problem is not Italian (or at least not exclusively Italian) but European: I leave aside this aspect of the problem for which another quite long article would be necessary. Only, I repeat one of my old opinions that if Europe should have to become very communist and totalitarian (because of the positive will of those in Moscow and the lack of will of those in Washington and London) Italy will not be the first country but, indeed, the last to do this, since there would be in that country so many elements to react against a second totalitarian revolution, even though toward the left.

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One of the factors (which the American press has not yet been able to appreciate) is Christian democracy. It is wonderful how for half a century the ferment of Christian democracy in Italy has never ceased and has created three distinct movements, really valid and efficient in the social and political field: the first, between 1891 and 1903 (the epoch of Leo XIII), the second from 1914 to 1926 (Confederation of Workers and Italian Popular Party) and the third from the fall of fascism (the Christian Democratic Party and the unionist movement).

There has never been any break between the movements: in the two periods of pause (the crisis of early democracy during the "modernism" period and the second crisis during fascism) Christian democratic thought remained alive and its spiritual work constant. Finally, a sane revision of its practical positions has brought the party inspired by these ideas to a truly efficient position in Italian political life.

The change in name, from Popular Party to Christian Democratic, was in the offing, but it was decided in a secret meeting held in Rome in May, 1943 (two months before the fall of Mussolini), when, too, the agreement was made for a program plan with the title "Constructive Ideas of Christian Democracy." This leaflet, circulated secretly, was amplified and published in various parts of Italy when Badoglio came to power. I have a photographic copy of it published by the Christian Democratic Centre of Naples (Via Roma, 413).

The lines of the program are not a novelty—they reflect those of the Popular Party with adaptations to the new political needs of Italy and the general aspirations of the people, within the framework of the Papal teachings in social and ethical matters.

What it is interesting to note in this article is, first, the fact that when Mussolini fell, the Christian Democratic Party was among the five parties that emerged from the underground in all centers, from Turin to Palermo. Second, that the five parties (later six) constituted in every city a Committee of Liberation, in which all were *equally* represented. Third, that when the Badoglio Government wanted to maintain the single Labor Syndicates and the Central Confederation of Workers, it substituted for the fascist leaders the leaders of the labor movement of the pre-fascist period—Buozzi for the socialists (now it appears that Buozzi was killed by the Germans during the flight from Rome), Achille Grandi for the Christian democrats, Ranita for the communists.

When more than half of Italy was occupied by the Germans, the five parties (including the Christian democratic) formed at once centers of resistance and patriot bands. It is a fact that the American press first ignored the Italian guerilla, then qualified it as communist and gave to the guerilla fighters the name of "partisans," making them equivalent to the partisans of Jugoslavia. The truth is that in Italy there was no political coloring to the guerilla warfare; even groups enrolled by the fascists passed over to the guerillas, deserting the German lines. And here it pleases me to recall Renato Wuillermin; he was one of the Popolare leaders, a Turin lawyer, imprisoned several times or relegated to the *confino* by the fascists. Freed by Badoglio, he fell into German hands, was chosen as a hostage and executed at Savona. His Christian death, pardoning his enemies and exalting the moral value of his sacrifice, will not be forgotten. The list of similar heroes would be long. One of the most touching, the youth Perlasca of Brescia (a valiant patriot at the age of twenty-five), condemned to death, contrary to the law of war, wrote a stirring but tranquil letter to his mother which is worthy of a place in

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Italian literature. Others, many, many others, too; priests by the hundreds. The names of Don Morosini and Don Borghi will remain forever enshrined, like Don Minzoni's, the arch-priest of Argenta, murdered by the fascists in 1923, one year before Matteotti.

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In the Badoglio Cabinet of last April (the fruit of a compromise between the Allies and the monarchy) the Christian democrats had two ministers: Rodinè di Migliono, who, before fascism, had been Minister of War and then Minister of Justice, and Salvatore Aldisio, who had been deputy in Parliament before the advent of fascism, an organizer of peasant masses in Sicily and Prefect of Caltanissetta during the last period of the AMG; not to mention two Under-Secretaries of State: Angelo Iervolino (formerly President General of the Society of Catholic Youth) in education, and Giulio Sansonetti (an expert in economic affairs) in labor. In the following Bonomi Cabinet, the Christian democratic ministers are Alcide De Gasperi, who before the first World War was a deputy in the Parliament of Vienna; then, when the Province of Trento returned to his mother-country, a deputy in Parliament in Rome and President of the Popolare group in Parliament; Giovanni Gronchi, who before fascism was a deputy to Parliament and Secretary General of the Italian Confederation of Workers (Christian democratic); and Umberto Tupini, who was a Popolare deputy before fascism and is one of the most esteemed lawyers of Rome. The Under-Secretaries of State are Guiseppe Spataro, who for seven years was Vice Secretary-General of the Popolare Party (when this writer was its political secretary); he is in charge of the press and information; Iervolino, who was passed on to transportation, and Bernardo Mattarella, who was at Palermo in the provisional administration of that city, named by Colonel Poletti, to education.

The reader will please pardon these personal notes; I have written them so that he may become acquainted with me who, for twenty-one years, during fascism, have been either in prison (like De Gasperi) or reduced to the necessity of living a half-hidden life, working politically in the shade, in danger of being reported to the authorities and brought to trial, or else arbitrarily hit. Their faith in liberty and democracy has never diminished; their rectitude was never shaken. Now they emerge into public life and merit full trust.

These elements, and a thousand others, will not yield if the communists should perhaps try to grasp power only for themselves and should want to install a new totalitarianism. The struggle against fascism, which began as far back as 1919, a few months after the constitution of the *fasci* in Italy, and which continues even today when crypto-fascism has not ceased to operate in the freed zones, bears testimony to their will. There is still a long road to be traveled.

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The news given out by the OWI on June 16 that the Confederation of Laborers (the White or Christian democratic) has finally accepted the plan of syndical unification, after nearly six months of discussion and after a first refusal (that seemed definitive), came like a bomb to the trade union world of America. The accord carries a change in the title that bears the traces of the two great pre-fascist confederations, establishes the formation of a central direction with three secretaries, one for the socialists (Oreste Longobardi), one for the Christian democratic (Achille Grandi) and one for the communists (Giuseppe De Vittorio). The unification will be made in the unions of every single industry, as well as in the Provincial Chambers of Labor.

In America we have had the impression that the net gain of such a unification may favor the communists, who at one sweep have taken one-third of the places, whereas before fascism they did not have one hundred thousand members, while the socialist Confederation of Labor numbered one and a half million and the Christian democratic one million two hundred thousand members. However those who come to this conclusion do not keep in mind the progress made by the communists under fascism.

From the point of view of labor, the syndical unification, voluntary and not fixed by law, made on the basis of spontaneous agreements and not on monopolistic claims (as once in Italy and France with the socialist confederations) is desirable and useful. The English example makes history. From the political point of view no exact judgment can be given because of the lack of information. If it were certain that among the men who have made such an agreement there are the Minister of Labor, Gronchi, and Achille Grandi, both persons of great equilibrium and unshakable adhesion to the ideals of Christian democracy, all might be going well. However, while reserving the right to free criticism after we have had sure information of the facts, their spirit and scope, this writer places his trust in his two old friends.

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From the dispatches of Herbert L. Matthews to the New York *Times* (June 18) one sees very clearly the English displeasure at the formation of the Bonomi Cabinet, with consent extracted from the Lieutenant who found himself caught in the maneuvre of the Rome Liberation Committee. London prefers Badoglio who underwrote the armistice terms—still held secret for military reasons, as Roosevelt affirmed on June 10, correcting

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what he had said on June 9, that there were no motives for keeping them secret and that, moreover, they were known by the American soldiers overseas.

Another worry (this time wholly English or Churchillian) is that of maintaining the House of Savoy in Italy. The two decisions (as rapid as was the formation of the Cabinet) that the oath should be given to the Nation and no longer to the King, and that the Constituent Assembly is to be called at once, were two hard blows at the roots of the monarchical tree. Why did they feel them in London? It does not seem that the fate of the Windsors is bound to that of Savoy. . . .

The question of the "legitimacy" of the Bonomi Government was put aside by the Consultative Commission for Italy after two weeks of hesitations. The story of this is not yet clear.

As, one by one, Florence, Genoa, Milan, Turin itself are liberated, they will want other changes in the Cabinet, certainly not toward the right, nor of monarchical flavor, and not even enthusiastic for the English. For, if it is true that the English in Italy are described as imperialists, bent on prohibiting Libya from being Italian, Sicily from ending its separatist agitation, Italy from being freely democratic and nationally reconstituted—anti-English resentments will mount to the sky. Whether or not all this is true, I do not know; in the interest of Italy and Europe, including England, it is my hope that it be false. But if appearances (through the fault of the men sent there) are such to justify such apprehensions, it will be no surprise if Italy should look toward Moscow for its future. Many Italians (it would be better to say very many Italians) would prefer to look toward Washington, but, unfortunately, the rumor is diffused in Italy (and brought back to the United States by returning American soldiers and press correspondents) that Washington, in view of the prevailing English interest in the Mediteranean, is allowing London to direct Italian policy. Is this true? Can we hope for a change of route and a reestablishment for Italy and Europe of the solidarity and coresponsibility of the Big Three and the other interested nations?

Our Farm at Campgaw

Summers before the first world war

Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt

"THERE'S a gentleman to see you," I was told not long ago, "He said to tell you his name is Otto." Otto! The years spun back. I saw Otto standing before the door of our newly built house with Queen Sheba. Sheba, who never stood on more than three legs, was pawing impatiently. She and the harness glistened as they always did with Otto. "Careful . . ." warned Otto and we leapt forward.

That was thirty years ago in Campgaw.

Campgaw was then a very small station on the Susquehanna & Western just before it traversed the Ramapo valley. It became the headquarters of my family for a number of years. My father and mother had a predilection for New Jersey. They had liked to rent a farmhouse for the summer and hunt for wildflowers. For a time the enthusiasm had slackened, but about 1904, the old urge returned, and I volunteered to explore some new region for them.

I selected the Susquehanna & Western because it had only one track but held infinite possibilities in its title. For some reason I decided it would be agreeable to take a dog along, and since my foxterrier, Henry James, was not much of a walker, I borrowed a bullterrier who was visiting the Gallatins around the corner on Gramercy Park. He was an accommodating animal with a pink nose and belonged, I believe, to Stuyvesant Fish. We walked together to the Twenty-Third Street ferry and caught the first train out on the Susquehanna, which took us as far as Wortendyke. Fairly close to Paterson, Wortendyke even then smacked of the suburbs and the bullterrier agreed with me that it would be best to hurry along the railroad track to the next station, which was Wyckoff. Here I enquired of the station-master, Mr. Pulis, about the real estate situation. He said toward Campgaw there was a cousin of his called Blauvelt who might rent, and that a city chap was doing over some old houses. He warned us not to miss the last afternoon train and started us off on a winding dirt road with directions to turn left at the millpond. Spring was everywhere and so was the smell of early lilacs. They lined the dooryard of Miss Blauvelt's neat white house, but she only wanted to rent the half of it. She said she liked to move into the smaller part for the summer, but that if I was looking for something like a hotel, I should see Mr. Williams.

We started off again toward the first green ridge of the Ramapo Hills. From the names and houses I congratulated the terrier on having stumbled on an old Dutch settlement. One large house was in the process of being renovated, and by the time we had inspected its paneled parlors and living room with a vast fireplace, we decided it was just what the Waddingtons wanted. The owner's home was pointed out down the road. It was a white brick house under some elm trees with even better paneling and a Dutch bunk built into the staircase, but it hadn't

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the airiness nor as many rooms as the first one, and my heart was set on hospitality. "Mr. Willums" could be seen in New York, said the housekeeper, who insisted on feeding us on milk and cookies. We started out on a trot for the last afternoon train, but Miss Blauvelt waylaid us with lilacs and we saw the train pull out as we reached the Wyckoff station. Mr. Pulis, however, had us driven over to the Erie main line. I knew that I should become intimate with Campgaw.

★

That summer saw the large white house very full of young people. My father and mother were indulgent: there were houseparties every weekend. At the end of the summer came a super one. "Mr. Willums" took in the boys; the girls were met at Campgaw by an ox team guided by our neighbor, an exceedingly venerable Pulis. That night three fiddlers sat on top of the stone chimney piece in the living room and called out country dances. . . .

There were also the trials, which in those days assailed life in the country, and chief among them was *water*. Our house had a bathtub and a shower dependant upon a hand-pump and a well. Our first handy-man left because the "the bathing was too much for the strent of his arm." I didn't blame him, nor did the well, which helped him all it could because every Saturday night it went dry. "Mr. Willums" being an ingenious landlord then laid a very long pipe overground to the brook which was at the end of an orchard and installed a ram. A ram, however, is dependent upon a steady fall of water, and the brook, being of variable temperament, either dribbled miserably over the little natural fall or else in tumultuous haste completely submerged the ram. The next summer we were greeted with a surprise. In a shed in the orchard was a second-hand steam engine and pump. The engine was a glutton for fuel, but could only digest a small meal at a time. The small boy we had brought out from town to feed the horse—and occasionally clean him—sat by the pump all day, like a mother bird stuffing her young. A larger tank had also been hopefully installed in the attic where it overflowed—when the pump was pumping—into the guest room closet. After a week of fitful bathing, while the engine refused all nourishment, it suddenly began to work with such good will that a limpid stream gushed down the stairway. "What a pretty sight!", said my mother, "What a pity we must discourage that poor pump."

Meanwhile my father had solved the bath problem very happily. The brook might be reluctant to share its water with the house, but it always had plenty for itself, so my father went to the brook. Every morning in a bright red dressing gown, with a black-and-tan called Jane Austen at his heels, he would hurry to a secluded nook where he kept a rocking chair and some soap. He insisted the soap had increased the crop of little wild orchids.

★

Shortly thereafter I married and moved into a small house belonging to Mr. Williams down by the ram. He had promised us a cement water tower in which the steam pump could function all winter, but the frost surprised him and left the tank sticking nakedly out of the four walls. To protect its precious contents, a makeshift hood was made of tar paper and straw and an oil stove was kept burning below. One day the inevitable happened and the tank was ablaze. It was frozen solid at the time, so we had to wait till it thawed to put out the flames. The water flowed again just in time for the cook to fill up the inroads she had made during the excitement on a new case of whiskey.

Cooks in a small house in real country in winter are not easily come by. We decided a European country girl would be the most suitable . . . until a stout Fleming in an excess of economy suggested a ragout of water rats. A tragic disappointment came when a ruddy Scandinavian, who said she yoost loved the country, disappeared with the office boy who had been sent to escort her to the ferry! Neither of them was ever seen again. Nor can I forget the excellent Irish cook who found Campgaw lacking in night life, but refused to take her full wages. "I've been careful not to do too much work," she said with ingratiating candor, "and I think you need it more than I do." As spring came on, my husband got one of those unaccountable desires to do some farming. He bought some land for very little, with a picturesque and ancient stone house, and, during a cook hunt, came across a farmer. He was a Prussian with a Transylvanian wife and confided to us later on that he had once driven a chariot for Barnum and Bailey. Schmidt proved to be a man of marked marital proclivities. The next winter he asked leave to visit his other wife and children.

"Have you two?" asked his employer.

"Yes," replied Schmidt, "I made a mistake and married both of them."

The wife in our farmhouse had an exotic way of holding rhubarb leaves as a sunshade over her baby, whose pet name in her native tongue was "little cockroach." Gossip in Campgaw was that her arguments with Schmidt were portentous; she often showed the impact of them. One day she deserted and Schmidt, dependent on domestic strife, soon followed. He once returned to invite us to become partners with him in a liquor business. From our experience, it was something in which he needed no assistance.

★

Because bigamy on the farm had greatly distressed me, I was assured that the next incumbents were of exemplary respectability. They spoke of each in terms of endearing affection, and their harmony should have been edifying, but was modified for me by the dearth of any early green vegetables from our garden.

"I can't understand your complaint," replied the impeccable Mr. Horton, "unless you expect my dearest wife and me to deprive ourselves."

My husband liked Mr. Horton because they both liked chickens: the second floor of the farmhouse was given over to incubators. A number of patent brooders were ordered and placed prominently in front of the farmhouse door-yard. One of them had cheerful red flannel flaps and, during a sudden shower, the baby chicks ran in to emerge a lovely pink. They proved a grand advertisement for the farm.

Crops to feed the chickens required extra help. The list of the incumbents proves the fantastic quality of truth. There was first a palefaced youth whose ambitions were wrapped about the art of embalming. He had been an undertaker's assistant for seven years and gloated over these memories. Before he came to us, he had enjoyed a lighter interim with a retired equestrienne and her old white horse which he washed every day with bluing. But bad news was his real elixir, and, although the daily

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disasters of farming gave him some choice items, he left to return to his cherished calling.

There followed a Pole called Pol and a Russian whose raging thirst for conversation could not be assuaged, as he had learned English with so strong a brogue that no one could comprehend his arguments. For the harvest, a roving denizen of the county appeared who carried his own enormous scythe. Unfortunately for us he managed to capture the ancestor of all snapping turtles in our swamp, and since he loved turtle soup and said the turtle would last him for a fortnight, he went up to the hills with his trophy and left our payroll. Then we heard of a bureau which supplied farmers gratuitously with young Jews. Moses looked things over, asked for gloves to keep his hands clean and took the next train back without asking for wages. A Norwegian, technically described as a "pick and shovel," seemed to fill all requirements until he contracted mumps and was removed in an ambulance. After the Norse, came Krebs. Krebs was a Swiss with very pink cheeks and a profusion of blonde curls. He managed to accomplish less in a day than even Mr. Horton. But one Sunday he appeared in white trousers and a dinner coat, and the next time we had guests for dinner I sent to the farm for Krebs, who acknowledged his true calling. Too late I realized the divergence between hotel and domestic training when my dilating eyes watched my best plates being balanced in a fragile line along Krebs's arm. He loved to flaunt a napkin over our heads, but when it came to announcing dinner, he would creep to the door and whisper hoarsely *"On peut manger."*

"Yes, his father has a small hotel," said Henri. Henri had been responsible for Krebs because they were childhood friends but there the resemblance ended. Henri was good-looking, intelligent, cheerful and almost too willing. He taught me the French for every piece of harness. From Switzerland, where I hope that during the prosperous years he prospered, he once sent me a card with "Bonne Année" and a little church in the midst of a snow scene. As for Krebs, because no one missed him on the farm, he lingered on in the house. He asked for a feather duster and used it to trim his caps. One day I came back from town and asked my old nurse, Katie, for the usual list of disasters.

"Did anyone have a fit?"

"Yes," said she seriously, "Krebs. . . ."

★

The brief but colorful reign of Karl and Teresa was the sequel. They were treasures triumphantly procured by my husband. Karl had once been a second violin in Carlsbad. He now played the trombone. Carpentry, plumbing, gardening, painting and sculpture, he modestly announced, all came within his orbit. His wife interrupted to say that Karl had once made a dove of mashed potatoes which was so exquisite that no one could bear to eat the salad it decorated. The whole neighborhood were agog over our couple. Teresa cooked like a chef. She had to please the fastidious Karl. In the evening we heard him playing sentimental airs on the trombone. I was touched when, after a trip to town, they returned with two large coffee cups, one marked *Papa* and one marked *Wife,* which they presented each other with mutual embraces. Then all of a sudden dissonant sounds came from the kitchen. I went in at once to find Teresa wielding a rolling-pin.

Karl's infidelities were recounted and Teresa swore she was done with him. Karl dressed himself carefully in his best, picked up his trombone, but, before he left, he took the cup marked *Papa* and smashed it on the steps. Teresa suggested throwing herself under a train; she remained obdurate to telegrams and letter until word came that Karl had turned on the *gas* in town and she hysterically rushed to him. They wrote that there would never be another quarrel, that if there was one, it would result in a double suicide. But I gave them a cuckoo clock and we parted. Many inquiries came about their competence. I answered them agreeably until an irate stock broker called me up to say that the couple I had recommended had had words during a dinner party and left incontinently.

★

We moved away from Campgaw shortly after I had had my way and built a real house. But there are many memories planted there which can never be uprooted. It was in the little cottage by the brook that my second baby was born, and none of my earnest pleas over the party wire could convince the practitioner in Ridgewood that I needed him in a hurry. I had only my old nurse and the other baby with me. My mother's old cook, who had come out on a visit, stood at the turn of the road, and Katie would shout out of the window like Bluebeard's wife, "Anne, Anne, do you see anyone coming?" No one came till an hour after dear little Jane had arrived. The doctor sent in a bill for $28.50. We never could figure out that half-dollar. It was in the new house that Katie died and one of the most tender ties in the world was severed. We had never been parted since the day I was born.

It was in Campgaw that I, still single, tried a home experiment in "fresh air" work because my mother had got me into helping a Society for the Relief of Poor and Industrious Widows with Children. That was before the enlightened days of widows' pensions; the Society could only afford to give our widows some shoes and a modicum of groceries. There was no question of their not having to be industrious. A house on a little woodland lane was rented very cheaply from a one-legged farmer. It was higgledy piggledy "fresh air" work, without any regulations or any attempt at hygiene. There was only a well with buckets, but as all the guests came from cold water tenements they made no objections. One widow stayed all summer and supervised the housekeeping. She eloped with a neighbor at the end of the season. My allowance covered rent and train fare, kind Mr. Williams donated the milk and my mother's cook gave me a daily basket; but, for the bulk of the food, I seemed to have relied on the ravens. I remember my sinking heart when I opened one letter which read "Why are you always so improvident? I can't help you." But in the next envelope was a cheque for one hundred dollars from a friend to whom I had not written but whose charity is always boundless. Five different widows with small children were there during the summer; none of them seemed to have been the worse for it.

Several of the farmers who were our neighbors in Campgaw were successful enough to take their annual winter vacations in Florida; but the man to whom farming was its own vacation was Mr. Williams. Neither Harvard, nor New York real estate had clouded his Ohio boyhood; to dig a ditch on a midsummer's day meant as much enjoyment to him as an ocean dip—and about as much moisture. He took as much pride in his sit-down

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plough as in a four-in-hand. For an assistant, he had a descendant of the Vikings named Alf, a great blonde athlete who trod the earth with rustic majesty. (On my eldest daughter's first birthday, Alf's chubby son, Hans, appeared with tight nosegay grasped in both hands; Alf's Valkyrie-like sister, Marken, once glinted through our household leaving a memory of endless Norwegian cookies behind her. Jane's sister had called Jane the "Ja-baby" but she was the "Ya-baby" to Marken.) The farm was just as glorious to Mr. Williams as it was unprofitable. But he tempered disappointments by perusing Herbert Spencer of an evening in the sportiest tweeds procurable. My husband undertook farming without the same philosophic background. Approaching it from a Wall Street angle he decided that all it needed was a "sound business basis."

On his way to the station each morning, he would lay down a farm work schedule—only to return from his efficient office with its buzzing salesmen and clocklike secretaries to find that absolutely none of his orders had been carried out. A lame horse, a broken axle, croup with the chickens, a frozen pipe in the house, even a thunderstorm would upset everything, and, although you can fire a salesman and call for a new stenographer, there isn't even a complaint department in the weather bureau. I was forever trying to shield my husband from the irresponsibilities of nature. Neither of us were really sorry when the new house I had insisted on building brought us an offer for the entire property. The culminating of Mr. Williams's farming came when his fine old house burned down—Dutch bunk, paneling, bricked porch and barns. . . . We have heard it rumored that Doris Duke has bought up Campgaw's remaining Dutch house with curving roof just as a keepsake.

★

The philologist, Dyneley Prince, once told me that Campgaw meant *stockaded village*. He said it was one of the last settlements in New Jersey where pure Dutch was spoken and that he used to drive over from Tuxedo to converse in it with old Grandfather Pulis, who sat tilted back on the porch of the now-vanished general store which once flanked the railway station. In a corner of the store was the Post Office, where little Myra Pulis helped sort the mail when first I walked down for it. She is still the postmistress but in a fine new building. Still standing also is the original home of the first Blauvelt—a very small but solid stone house on a side hill overlooking the brook. Above the kitchen and reached by an outside staircase is an enchanting square room with a generous fireplace and small paned windows deepset in the thick walls. I and two other girls once rented it for weekends. Croquettes, brought out from town for skating parties, would be heated over the logs in a brass warming pan. One Sunday my foxterrier found the croquettes first. In those fairy days of early spring, when blossoms and violets appear, it was delicious to wake in the little house and run out in the bright greenness to wash one's face in the spring under the cherry tree. Somehow the spring loses its ethereal quality when one meets it on a farm. . . .

But Otto stuck by farming and the soil rewarded Otto. He became a grey-haired, prosperous and tremendously respectable landowner. He seemed the symbol of the solidity and calm for which we had fancied farming stood and which it never did in our short venture.

On German Christians

KLAUS DOHRN

FATHER REINHOLD'S recent article, "What about Germany's Christians?" (THE COMMONWEAL, May 19), deserves careful attention, particularly at a time when many questions about Germany are asked, and have to be asked, and so many far too easy answers are given. I think Father Reinhold's article is a fine example of how a Catholic should approach these questions. It differs greatly from the approach taken by the majority of the German emigration in that it frankly admits faults and weaknesses. The Catholic attitude could not start otherwise than with a "mea culpa," because we know that only a frank confession deserves absolution and that a frank confession presupposes an honest examination of conscience. In the case of Germany this attitude is not only the Christian but the realistic one. It can help Germany some day to find a way of regaining the confidence, not only of the powers which are going to defeat Germany, but—what is at once more difficult and more urgent—the confidence of Germany's victims of today and neighbors of tomorrow. I fail to see how any other question can occupy the mind of a German political refugee who is truly concerned with his country's future and its ultimate readmission into the European society of nations.

Unfortunately political refugees still believe it their duty to plead Germany's cause before (or even without) admitting Germany's sin; they support their claims by highly exaggerated stories about the German underground and suggest as a solution a simple return to the Weimar Republic, which made Hitler's rise to power so easy, or else advocate some kind of revolution. I think a point of view like that taken by Father Reinhold is far sounder than that taken, for instance, in the proclamation of the recently formed New York "Council for a Democratic Germany," which says much about what to do with Germany, but not a word on what Germany has done.

There is no use in insisting that it was not Germany but Hitler who is to blame, because none of Germany's neighbors, on whose readiness to forgive and later to collaborate any German future depends, see it that way. On the contrary, there is a very realistic point in applying the Christian principle of retribution to the German problem, and in answering the foolish question as to whether "good" Germans exist by insisting that a good German is a German who is ready to do penance even for the sins of the bad ones.

It is to be regretted that a man like Father Reinhold cannot do more and that his knowledge, courage and integrity are not better used—in other words, that there is no adequate representation of German Catholics abroad. I think this partly accounts for the thing which Father Reinhold rightly deplores—that the Christian point of view so far plays no part either in American propaganda to Germany or in American plans for Germany. The fact that the German emigration does not represent the opposition inside Germany cannot be repeated often enough. This will continue to be true as long as there is no ade-

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quate representation of German Catholics or of the attitudes German Catholics are likely to take with regard to their country's real problems and future politics. We have no right to deplore the grotesque and one-sided use some American authorities and American public opinion in general makes of German refugees as long as the others are so busy and noisy and we so silent. This silence is bad not only for the country which offers us hospitality and which through our silence gets an altogether wrong picture of the problems of Germany, but still more for our brothers and sisters who silently suffer in Germany and whose share in the resistance certainly is not smaller than that of those who are continuously advertised to American public opinion as the only possible successors to Hitler.

When Father Reinhold says that no one "who left Germany in the nick of time" has any right "to criticize either Protestant or Catholic leaders who have stuck to their posts," he is undoubtedly right; but I think it is equally true that everybody lucky enough to have escaped to lands where opinions can still freely be uttered has definite obligations towards those suffering a harder lot. I do not share the pessimistic view that there is no future and no rôle for those who left their country. On the contrary, history proves that emigrés always have had a specific rôle in supplying a voice to those who are forced to be silent under a tyrant's grasp, and to assist them later on in rebuilding their country, in advising them on matters of foreign politics and international relations, in serving as their advocate with the victors and as interpreters of the victor's attitudes and of developments inside the victorious camp to those who have long been cut off from the outside world. Therefore a voice like Father Reinhold's should be heard, and there should be other voices like his. Then only can Allied propaganda and Allied planning be expected to make a more intelligent use of Catholic refugees —especially now that Rome has been taken, with all the consequences of the event on the minds of Catholics everywhere.

But on some minor points, however, I differ from Father Reinhold. For instance, it seems to me that to admit that Protestants suffered any kind of "government persecution" even under the "orphan-boy dictators," Dollfuss and Schuschnigg, is too much. In some regions of Austria, especially Kärnten and Steiermark, Protestant ministers not only served as propagandists of Hitlerism, but their churches and rectories were sometimes actually converted into nazi strongholds during the civil strife after the assassination of Dollfuss.

The weak attitude of German Catholics when they were put to the test has to be admitted and deplored by every Catholic, just as Father Reinhold says, but one must carefully determine what part of that attitude which he so competently analyzes is specifically Catholic and what part is specifically German. Most Catholics are by nature bad revolutionaries. Father Reinhold asks why Catholics who die and starve for Hitler don't "run these risks fighting against him." Are not these risks altogether different, if not in their consequences, in their psychological motivation? And do we not here encounter two entirely different things: the taking of risks spontaneously and individually, and causing others to take them? The first leads at best to individual acts of resistance easily smashed; the second was the real alternative before ecclesiastical as well as lay leaders of German Catholicism. It is an altogether different thing to accept martyrdom for oneself and to be the cause of martyrdom for others. As it is very questionable whether any Catholic resistance, individual or organized, would have been of any use in Germany, it may well be asked whether any action leading to bloodshed without the least chance of curing the evil, without any reasonable hope of success, was morally licit for those leaders.

Perhaps Father Reinhold's statement "their leaders appeased" should read "some leaders appeased," and none wanted to assume that tremendous responsibility. Perhaps such a position has much to be said in its favor, although I myself have always fought against it; perhaps it will have preserved intact valuable nuclei for rebuilding Germany out of the complete political, economic, moral and spiritual chaos which is likely to follow Hitler's defeat; whereas a decision to organize resistance would have destroyed those nuclei without accomplishing the removal of Hitler before the war, or any shortening of the war. I cannot see that the pressure of Germany's Catholics alone "jockeyed the Holy See into a position where Pius XI had to sign the concordat," and I do not believe that the "German Catholics, not the Holy See, wanted it." Perhaps *some* wanted it, but the majority of German Catholics were terribly disappointed by it, and perhaps one day it will be proven that the concordat, more than anything else, broke the backbone of moral resistance. And yet I see why the Holy See wanted the concordat. The German Center Party had become merely an instrument for the protection and preservation of ecclesiastic interest. That instrument had clearly lost all logical reason for existence and so had the concordats previously obtained entirely thanks to its unique parliamentarian position.

Even if Pius XI and his Secretary of State hoped for nothing more than a clear fixing of responsibility in case of what I believe they always considered an inevitable break, what they did was logical. But the blame for being too juridically minded cannot be placed upon the German Catholics. Their fault was much older: it consisted in having permitted the Center Party to become a mere instrument for safeguarding the work of the Church. In an editorial on Don Luigi Sturzo's jubilee, THE COMMONWEAL pointed to this as the decisive difference between his party and the Center Party. I don't think "curial centralism" can in the least be blamed, as it definitely had not the same consequences in Italy or in France, in Spain or in Holland.

Germany's Catholics had no political program other than defense, so that necessarily they lost political dynamism the moment defense was temporarily no longer necessary. They over-optimistically adapted themselves to the new pattern of the young Republic without real desire or power to defend it—their real strength lying not in their votes, which were necessary to any parliamentary coalition, but became useless with the disappearance of parliament, while the territorial areas which had been Windthorst's strongholds and which would have been a hard nut to

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crack even for anti-parliamentarian totalitarianism—witness Adolf Hitler in "Mein Kampf." Windthorst differed from his successors not only by his courage, but also by the fact that he had a political program in addition to defending his Church, and they had none. Hence their followers had no program to defend. Fighting a régime for very precise reasons is altogether different from fighting a régime one hates without exactly knowing what to put in its place.

Maybe that accounts for the rapid disintegration of political Catholicism in Germany. But then again this is not specifically Catholic. No other group in Germany behaved otherwise. Father Reinhold mentions the Confessional Church, but there were other groups far more political which therefore might have been expected to react much earlier. It is necessary to state the fact that the resistance of leftist or labor groups was no stronger than any other. This necessity is the greater because their representatives abroad by no means confess their failings as frankly as Father Reinhold. They rather noisily advocate as the solution that they be put back in power.

As Father Reinhold says, to cure a disease which is not political we need more than political means; we need to crack "the hard shell around the German conscience." Without that nothing will do; but if we succeed in this, it won't dispense us from the necessity of arriving at some political program more positive than the mere defense of ecclesiastical interests. The Confessional party in this sense is not going to be revived; and eternal truth cannot be defended by nor restricted to a party. Apart from such truths, German Catholicism is the heir and trustee of certain specifically German traditions which once shaped the political existence of Germany and which for centuries accounted for peaceful German collaboration with her neighbors in Europe, but which are by no means restricted to any confessional group.

Communications

BRICKBATS

Gettysburg, Penna.

TO the Editors: "The Unscored Symphony" in your issue of July 7 was historically a startling cacophony. It is rare indeed that one encounters eight lines with as many errors as are to be found in the beginning of paragraph three in which the author essays "to dispose of a commonplace." He mentions Alexander Woolcott's (sic) contention that Ida Tarbell's "The Tribute of Silence" is without foundation. If he means Alexander *Woollcott,* and if the author in question is Mary Shipman Andrews, and if the story is "The Perfect Tribute," he is safe in saying that it is "even probable." The "one hundred thousand original auditors" were more nearly fifteen thousand, probably less.

When I read that "the crowd was still reeling under the impact of Hale's oration" I at first suspected an editorial hoax. It is more probable, however, that the author has confused Edward Everett, the "principal orator" at Gettysburg that day, with his nephew, Edward Everett Hale. The latter was then doubtless proof reading "The Man Without a Country" which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* in December, 1863. Or perhaps he is thinking of another nephew, Charles Hale of the Boston *Advertiser* who covered the Gettysburg story for his paper. Edward Everett was tolerably famous in his own right, having been a Unitarian preacher, professor of Greek, President of Harvard, Senator, Governor of Massachusetts, Secretary of State, Minister to England and the foremost orator of his day.

Even the old tale that Lincoln scribbled the address enroute "on a chance bit of paper" is revived. He, of course, had a draft of the speech written before he left Washington—on a "chance bit" of White House stationery from his office. That he re-wrote it in Judge Wills's house in Gettysburg is fairly certain.

There is strong evidence that the idea of this speech grew in Lincoln's mind between July and November of 1863, that he regarded it as a statement of war aims, and that he sought a fitting occasion to give it expression. The trip to Gettysburg was not a "dutiful gesture," for nobody in public life expected the President to be present on that occasion. When he indicated a desire to accept the perfunctory invitation, the committee in charge was somewhat astonished. I enjoyed the remainder of the article very much.

J. WALTER COLEMAN,
Superintendent,
Gettysburg National Military Park and Cemetery.

Nashville, Tenn.

TO the Editors: I hope you will permit me to comment upon a piece of fiction entitled "The Fugitives" which appeared in THE COMMONWEAL for June 30. (I must say in explanation that, as editor of the recently published "Vanderbilt Miscellany," I had the opportunity to examine at length not only the complete files of their magazine but also the extensive correspondence relating both to the Fugitive and agrarian movements; I was never a member of the Fugitive group). The article in question purports to be criticism, and I suppose the editors assumed that it rested upon authentic information. If this is the case, gentlemen, you were sadly deceived. The author has exercised his imagination freely, and, it would seem, maliciously, and certainly with little respect for facts. Furthermore, he is sailing under false colors, since he is introduced in your columns as having been lately "a member of the English Department of Vanderbilt Univertisy." I will comment on this fiction first.

The author, Oliver W. Evans, attended Vanderbilt University for one year (1942-3) as a graduate student in English. Since he came to us highly recommended, he was awarded a teaching fellowship in English and was given charge of one class in Freshman English. I regret to say that Mr. Evans abused the confidence placed in him by his friendly sponsors, and rather ostentatiously neglected a large part of the graduate studies on which he was supposed to be engaged. On the University records he now stands deficient in two courses—half of a year's program. He finished the other two courses successfully. That is the extent of his connection with the English Department of Vanderbilt University.

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The nature of the fictions employed by Mr. Evans in the article itself ought to be apparent to anyone who has a moderate familiarity with the works of the dozen or more writers consigned to oblivion during the course of his brief commentary. Yet since Mr. Evans assumes such an omniscient air, perhaps I ought to ask leave to point out a few of the untruths which he has jumbled together in support of his summary judgments.

It is not true, for example, that John Crowe Ransom was the "father" of the Fugitive group; he was one of the original members; they had no "father," as Mr. Evans would use the term. It is not true that "Ransom, Davidson, and Tate were scholars first and poets afterwards"; the contrary would be nearer the truth, if so foolish a temporal distinction is to be made. The Fugitive poets did *not* have "for their ideal the scholar-gentleman": that is something Mr. Evans has imagined. They did *not* have "well-to-do friends." They did *not* receive "generous backing from various wealthy Nashville families." It is true that the late Joel Cheek gave *The Fugitive* a hundred dollars or so, but most of the financial support for the magazine came from quite different, miscellaneously distributed sources, which are noted in its files. The sums received from these sources and from subscriptions were small, but they more than sufficed to defray the modest expenses of the publication. It is not true that the Fugitives "have almost abandoned the writing of poetry." Mr. Warren published this spring a volume which has met with most enthusiastic reviews; Mr. Ransom has a volume in press at the moment; and Mr. Tate has published frequently during the last two years.

Allow me to continue for a moment: "None of the members," alleges Mr. Evans, "ever explained what it was they were fleeing from." The foreword to the first number declares: "The Fugitive flees from nothing faster than the high-caste Brahmins of the old South." Yet Mr. Evans quaintly identifies them with this caste! The files of the Fugitive correspondence, which Mr. Evans, incidentally, made no effort to consult, contain further explanations of the title. Again consider his phrase, " . . . the curious relationship, never sufficiently clarified, between the Fugitives and the agrarians. It explains the paradox of a scholar-sophisticate such as Ransom, fresh from the Halls of Christ Church, Oxford, clamoring for a plough and teams of mules." The facts are that Ransom left Oxford *sixteen* years before the publication by twelve Southerners of the agrarian symposium "I'll Take My Stand" (cf. Mr. Evans's "fresh from"); that the phrase "clamoring for a plough," etc., is an adolescent and meaningless misstatement; and that, by the elementary process of counting names, Mr. Evans could have discovered that only four of the sixteen Fugitives took any part in the agrarian program.

These are a few of Mr. Evans's small fictions. There are larger ones. He has, for example, fabricated hypothetical genealogies for the Fugitives, derived them from "old," "well-to-do" Southern families, equipped with libraries "acquired in colonial times," and has fortified them with "social snobbery" and "intellectual snobbery." Once more, this is something Mr. Evans dreamed. He knows nothing about the family origins or circumstances of the Fugitive group, and has made no inquiry into the matter. It is not a subject upon which an honest critic would want to generalize hastily.

In similar fashion, Mr. Evans has imagined a literary pedigree for these poets. It is as grotesque as most academic exercises of the kind. It ignores the most obvious fact about the Fugitive poets—namely, that they learned more about poetry from one another than from any other source.

But Mr. Evans's most splendid fiction concerns the ivory tower in which the Fugitives and their agrarian successors are supposed to live. This is an old and trite accusation. That Mr. Evans repeats it is the surest indication of his trifling acquaintance with the poetry and other writings of the men he criticizes. For no other modern literary group has more consistently attacked the conception of the ivory tower, in the arts and in other fields. No other group has striven more vehemently to get poetry out of the ivory tower and, furthermore, to persuade education, economics, politics, and religion to descend from their several ivory towers to the common earth. No other group has engaged more frequently in the rough-and-tumble of public discussion or devoted energy to a wider variety of interests—literary and non-literary. Mr. Evans might have found these things out if he had really read the writers concerned, or even bothered to ask about them. He did neither. Like any lazy and egotistical sophomore, he trusted his fancy and left the hard work for another time.

RICHMOND C. BEATTY,
Associate Professor of English,
Vanderbilt University.

Fort Dix, N. J.

TO the Editors: It was with something of pained surprise that I read Father Reinhold's review of "The Altar and the World" by Bernard Iddings Bell (June 16). Canon Bell, I imagine, is as surprised as I at the interpretation put upon his excellent little work.

To become specific: first of all, I shouldn't call Canon Bell's vocabulary "quaint," nor do I think it fair to say that "its words stalk by in a synthetic atmosphere of the seventeenth century." I should rather say that Canon Bell displays a rare talent for these times—the ability to write decent English. However, this, I suppose, is a matter of taste.

Canon Bell would be the very first, as anyone who knows him would hasten to agree, to deny that he is attempting to purvey "novel insights." Canon Bell, unlike so many of the clergy, does not try to be bright and clever. As he said many years ago, "We are to speak for God the Wisdom of God. We are not here to tell people our own bright ideas." As for the good Canon's "sweeping half-truths" about the reduction of the masses to the "status of . . . cogs in a juggernaut industrial machine"—well, there are a lot of us, many of us young men and women, who feel that this is a terrifyingly accurate description of the modern masses.

" . . . whose adeptness at making war is equalled only by their fumbling when they try to make peace"—Well,

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Father Reinhold, isn't it the truth? These "statesmen" certainly have made a mess of things; one doesn't have to be a Chestertonian or any other sort of "romantic" to see this. And they will do it again. They *are* peculiarly adept at making wars. What else does history show?

Why not beat our breasts in the name of democracy? Are we to be as the Pharisees? They needed no physician; so they got none. If we, of the democracies, will admit our sins, repent of them, and turn to be saved, we will be saved. Otherwise, we can only expect to sin our way into another dreadful mess.

"The vagueness of its theology." This, of all the phrases in the review, is one of the most puzzling. What in the world is vague about a theology which says: (1) man is sinful; he cannot save himself, however much he desires salvation, however much he builds universities, forms governments, patronizes laboratories, or legislates—man is sinful; (2) man needs to be saved, because he is sinful; (3) God, in and through Christ, has prepared for man a way to salvation—the Way, Truth and Life; (4) this way to salvation—the road back to Almighty God—is to be found through the eternal sacrifice of Jesus Christ on the cross, made available to man through the Mass (and, of course, the other sacraments, in so far as they apply to one's station in life), which available sacrifice and means of grace is to be found in the community founded by Christ. All this is in this book: much of it implied. But it's all there.

Father Reinhold is being a bit "picky" when he calls the Canon to task for translating "pisteuo," "I put my trust in. . . ." I know why the Canon gives this translation (admittedly valid). He has his reasons, and his reasons have nothing to do with trying to be "broadminded," "liberal," "modern," or anything of that rubbishy sort. Canon Bell wants to point out a truth which has unfortunately been forgotten by thousands upon thousands of Christians (whether Roman Catholics, Anglo-Catholics, Orthodox, Protestant or whatever). Surely Father Reinhold (whose excellent article, "The Hallowing of All Life" appeared a few months ago in THE COMMONWEAL) knows that Christians today have divorced intellectual assent to creedal formulae from the social implications and the personal implications of acceptance of the creeds. In order to "put one's trust in" the Trinity, there must be an intellectual assent, of course. But, our assent to the Nicene Creed is a thing of the *will*—in fact, of the whole person. Too many Catholics today give an *intellectual* assent to the creed, and accept, *intellectually,* the Gospels —*but* do not put their trust, their implicit trust, in the Triune God and in what the Incarnate God has taught. I have heard at least one devout Catholic say that the Gospels "are not very practical." Well, Canon Bell wants us to realize that the creeds (and the Gospels) are practical things; and that when we say "I believe" we are not merely giving intellectual assent to a set of propositions, but are saying—and meaning—that we put our trust in the God Who saves and in the means by which He saves.

" . . . the helpless, little, simple folk" could try Abe Lincoln's formula, if they were a *redeemed* community. As Canon Bell once said, "We put our trust in God, and in man in so far as he has been redeemed by God." Government of the redeemed people, for the redeemed people and by the redeemed people will not perish from the earth. Any other government is all too apt to fail, if only because its purposes are not pure.

SERGEANT CHARLES WM. PHILLIPS.

The Screen

Pippa Passes

JUST AS if to prove that all their contemporary fables, romances and contes don't have to be used as background for musical films, Hollywood presents a couple of glossy new movies that trip along their merry and escapist path without so much as a reference to war, labor or even a song of social significance. Perhaps these films were made to appeal to audiences who are "fed-up with war pictures." Or perhaps they were made for soldiers who prefer non-war entertainment films. In any case, their locale is a romantically realistic America that looks like New York and Indiana but excludes current events like invasions, strikes and coming elections. Such are the places dreamed up in the two films reviewed this week.

Once upon a time there was a theatrical producer named Flynn who was considered good in his field but had had several flops. He threw his last nickel over his shoulder for good luck, and the nickel was picked up by a very honest little boy who thought he ought to give the man something for his money. So he let Flynn look into a shoebox where lived a caterpillar named Curly. And, believe it or not, whenever Pinky, the attractive, trusting little boy, played "Yes Sir That's My Baby" on his harmonica, the caterpillar would dance! Well, Mr. Flynn with a look of showmanship and a glint of cupidity in his eye, knew that he had something here. So, promising that he would never sell Curly, he formed a partnership with Pinky. Of course the newspaper reporters were skeptical. And Pinky's sister, a pretty chorus girl, objected to Flynn's taking Pinky to live with him. And the great scientists were indignant at such a hoax as a dancing caterpillar. But they all had to believe when they saw. They saw. So great was the excitement that a man in Hollywood named Walt Disney offered a hundred thousand dollars for Curly. Flynn couldn't resist the offer. So one night, Flynn told his assistant to steal Curly. But Pinky woke up in time, and ran home to his sister. Flynn followed after, and pleaded and coaxed—and finally slapped Pinky's cherubic face. Heartbroken Pinky said all right then, Flynn could have Curly.

This is a very sad scene in the movie and just about what the movie needs at this point for it's beginning to get awfully long and you wonder if it will ever be over. Alexander Hall has directed this film well enough—though slowly. In spite of the good acting and characterizations by Cary Grant and Janet Blair, and especially by James Gleason as Flynn's assistant and Ted Donaldson as the beaming kid with great faith, there just isn't enough material here for a full-length feature. All this might have made a delightful short. (It was orig-

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inally a radio sketch by Norman Corwin.) But even with its amusing satire on commercialism and uplifting message of optimism and goodness, the film runs dry and is too obviously prolonged. The climax, in which Curly walks out on bickering mankind and teaches a lesson in nature, is quite effective. All this is called, appropriately enough: *"Once Upon a Time."*

"Home In Indiana" also has a golden glow of long ago. This is due to the lush and beautiful technicolor in which its country and race track scenes are filmed, to its romantic out-of-this-world plot, and to the three attractive young people who play the leads and look like more movie starlets than homefolk in Indiana. Lon McCallister, the handsome lad who won attention as California in "Stage Door Canteen," again gives a nice performance made up of straightforward, unaffected acting and simple charm complete with lock of hair on forehead. He is the boy with horsey blood in his veins who comes to live with his aunt (Charlotte Greenwood) and uncle (Walter Brennan), learns about harness racing and finally wins with the filly for whose upbringing he was responsible. Jeanne Crain is the pretty-plain brunette who teaches Lon a thing or two about driving and, after adoring him through many reels, at last makes him realize that they might be more than pals. June Haver, a pert, creamy blonde is the girl on the big estate whose more flashy attractions and direct methods cause Lon to overlook the lovelight in Jeanne's eyes. The story is told against a background of horses, racing and feudin' between two families. While general movie goers might find Henry Hathaway's direction a bit slow and Winston Miller's script (based on "The Phantom Filly" by George Agnew Chamberlain) rather naïve at times and the whole film's condescending attitude toward Negroes definitely annoying, horsey folk will get a lift out of the superb shots of horses, the exciting races and all the sport-of-kings stuff.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Omnipotent Government. Ludwig von Mises. Yale. $3.75.

HERR VON MISES is a newcomer to this country, a victim of the racial persecution of nazism in Vienna where he was a highly esteemed professor of the famous "Export Academy" and economic adviser to great business groups and the Vienna Chamber of Commerce. He fought what he deemed "interventionist" tendencies of the government and other groups opposing that liberal capitalism of the most radically individualistic type in which he believes. When the government intervened in favor of auto-insurance purchasers for reduced rates more in keeping with equity for the little man, Herr von Mises fought a valorous rearguard action to the last ditch for the companies. When the government tried to help the farmer, for what reasons I do not know, by forcing an admixture of alcohol produced from their potatoes in gasoline, our author fought a heated battle against government interference. Austrians in this country say that he was financial adviser to the court of Francis Joseph and received from him his title of nobility, which he preserved against Austrian constitutional law and American custom to this day. Truly a stubborn man and very unlike most refugees who are rather to be suspected of leftist and socialist sympathies. This book will find its way to the desk of all American business men who believe in the NAM, Eric Johnston, the Farm Bureau and who hate the New Deal on the negative grounds of its "interventionism." It is duck soup for them so far. If read with consistency it would, of course, make short shrift of such groups—themselves interventionist—as well, but that is only an afterthought. It is not a polite book, because Herr von Mises does not hesitate to call all argumentation which is not his own "foolish, ignorant, silly," etc. It has been financed by the Rockfeller Foundation and the National Bureau of Economic Research. The book makes refreshing reading as it is well written, pulls no punches and makes no bones about passionate and violent dislikes and likes.

As I am reviewing this work from a level far below the financial genius of the author and for an audience of non-professional people, I cannot enter into the niceties of his argumentation, even if I pretended to know more about the subject than I do. Let us leave that to his colleagues. But since this is a book for Mr. Spangler, Mr. Witherow and all believers in freedom of enterprise as they interpret it, I have to say that it leaves me aghast. The author does not joke when he seriously says that the state has no other rôle but to be a nightwatchman and that its highest nobility is that of being a cop. He is a relic of times gone by, but a very live one: he goes to the very limit by taking a stand which regards economics as totally independent from morals. To quote from a brilliant article of Hans Rommen (*Review of Politics*): "It is plain that such thinking knows only commutative justice, the justice governing exchanges. Distributive justice (so much emphasized by our labor encyclicals) which interferes with the free play of societary forces in order to regulate and distribute socio-economic power in accordance with the importance and responsibility of social functions . . . simply goes unnoticed." The harmony of this society is based on a shifting power equilibrium. Our author is, however, so consistent that he does not blame only the state for interference. He castigates all interventionist forces, above all labor unions, because they create artificially high wages and low working hours. They cause, if I understand him rightly, protectionist tariffs and customs barriers, which in turn force on the victim, the entrepreneur, the expedient of forming combines, trusts and cartels. So

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that in the last analysis we would not have either imperialism or new deals, were it not for the intervention of forces not purely economic in the field of economics. I am afraid that when our intervention-baiters read these lucid conclusions of a consistent scholar like Herr von Mises, they will not like him too well: he sends us all back to anarchic pre-capitalistic times. He is about as utopian as Marx and as extreme as Bakunin. The cathartic effect of this book will be to lead us, who want to give social justice a place in our economic system, to treat the "iron law" of economics a bit more cautiously and to think of the trap of too much protectionist intervention; and to lead others who do not recognize man in economics but only forces and figures, markets and investments, to the realization that they must practice rugged individualism even when they are tempted to accept tariffs, cartels and national protectionism. *Les extrèmes se touchent*: von Mises sees like Marx; frontiers and states wither away. If we tried his interesting recipe, we would probably end up as a pendant of the withered-away state of Lenin's successors. This book makes one realize how wise Leo XIII and Pius XI were!

The jacket of the book makes a few definitely astonishing statements: As early as 1912 Professor von Mises predicted the German inflation. Would that not border on the miraculous? Of course, a war was in the air; a very shrewd man might even have guessed that Germany would lose it and that her finances then would break down—which actually happened in the fall of 1923. Advertising stunts like this on the jacket of a supposedly serious book make one a bit skeptical.

The most jarring note in this book, which claims to examine the facts calmly and cooly and which comes to the conclusion that economics is allergic to all interference from government or persons, and that, like nature, it is good and, if left alone, will lead to freedom and manliness, as the jungle does, is one little word in the author's vocabulary. Why does he always use the word *serve* and *service* when he speaks of the money making efforts of the entrepreneurs? Although our commercials on the radio and the large advertisements of our super-companies in newspapers love to picture the *homo purus oeconomicus* as an altruistic servant or servicer of the consumer, is service of his fellow man unequivocally his main or sole motive? Why the assumption of so much altruism on the part of one group, while state, unions, moral pressure groups are implicitly represented as meddling, selfish, blind, narrow and ignorant fools bent on bringing about the fall of a great, free world?

H. A. REINHOLD.

Watching the World. Raymond Clapper. Whittlesey House. $3.00.

RAYMOND CLAPPER was a special kind of commentator. He was not selling anything, his wife says in the biographical sketch she contributes, along with her editing, to this book. He was not selling anything in the way of being passionately devoted to one side of the issues of his time. "When one sets about to inform himself so that he may reach an intelligent opinion," Clapper said, "he finds so much on both sides that it is obvious one side is not all wrong and the other all right." And again, "I believe there is a place for a truly independent column [for] the independent newspaper reader who is trying to think his way along."

An indication that Clapper succeeded, that there was a

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place for his comments is implicit in the fact that these newspaper, magazine and radio pieces seem to read even better in the light of events that have since transpired.

Clapper was an independent observer, but he was a great deal more than what he modestly called himself, a "Yes—but" person. He was against the rhythmic dancing in OCD, but he considered the New Deal a "forward movement." That he was not in favor of the underlying purposes of the present administration, would be silly to argue. Yet on the Saturday before Election Day in 1940 he rather guardedly came out for Willkie.

For an impartial review of the last decade, researchers and interested laymen will find a wealth of material here. Clapper was an informing commentator, a conscientious reporter, an able interpreter of events. He had neither the mind nor the charity of Broun, but he also completely lacked the knot-hole, Spelvinistic viewpoint of Pegler. He was somewhere in between. Perhaps he was nearer, we may be grateful, to Broun. JOHN BRUBAKER.

Anna and the King of Siam. Margaret Landon. Day. $3.75.

"THEY salaamed the guests, and then with stately dignity advanced to help them alight from their carriages. Another group of flunkeys, equally magnificent, moved forward to conduct them to a sumptuously furnished apartment where they were to lay off their wraps." The reviewer at this point mops the brow lightly (380 pages to go) and plunges on. But with Chapter 5 the scene changes. We pass our first night (A.D. 1862) at Bangkok, we pass under the rule and ultimately almost into the household, and certainly into that strange, enlightened, spoiled, barbaric heart, of King S. S. P. P. Maha Mongkut.

It is indeed a unique experience that Anna Leonowens had, living five years almost the only person in Siam not literally at the monarch's feet. Officially she taught English to the wives, the concubines, the children of that slave court. Actually her Welsh integrity and courage won the king's confidence, opened the imprisoned souls of the wives, spiritually as well as physically saved the lives of many a helpless child and taught the heir to the throne the principles of liberty and justice. In 1905 serfdom and slavery in Siam was abolished.

This magnificent story of real reform and how it comes about, set in the damp, lush, tropical scene, transforms the author's style. She has a thrilling tale to tell of what real power is: the king's absolute power, the power of Anna herself, the power of women, the power of Kralahome and, in the end, the power of Mae Pia.

EDWARD L. KEYES.

Paul of Tarsus. The Right Reverend Joseph Holzner. Translated by the Reverend Frederic C. Eckhoff. Herder. $5.00.

OF CATHOLIC studies upon the Apostle to the Gentiles the name is legion. Some are ponderous tomes with international repute. Prat easily heads that category. Others are less pretentious offerings, amongst them Tricot and McGarry. But none has as yet achieved broad popularity. What has been lacking thus far has been the counterpart by a Catholic of F. A. Spencer's "Beyond Damascus." What has been wanting has been a book sound enough in its scholarship yet with the appeal of the novel.

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portrait of Paul is firm in its moorings, but it does have the color of fiction. The Tarsian has been painted as a man amongst men. He has been given a body to go with his soul. The result is a biography that has the breath of life to it—wherein one senses the deep warmth of the Apostle's personality and gets caught up by his attractiveness.

That is not to say that "Paul of Tarsus" will develop into a best-seller. Its price is pledge against that. But there is much in it that should charm the non-specialist. There is, for example, the poignant sketch of the emotions roused in Paul as first he came to Athens; there is the vivid account of his endless labors at Ephesus. Now and then one feels himself part of the picture painted. I doubt whether a man can read through the narrative of the Apostle's preaching in the synagogue at Antioch of Pisidia without wanting to linger longer upon the benches. Things like that are rare, of course. There are times enough when Paul gets lost in the book. At one point, Holzner shunts off his story through four successive chapters (57-60) that he may analyse the epistles of the saint. I think even a saint would feel bound to protest so much concentrated theology.

But normally the author employs his literary devices with skill. He has the knack of illustrating the Tarsian's feelings on specific occasions by apt quotation from his letters. And then his summations of the individual epistles are minor masterpieces. Six years ago, Arthur Darby Nock did something of the kind in his own "Saint Paul." Holzner does not suffer by comparison.

Scholars, indeed, will not give unqualified approval to this biography now translated out of the German. For one thing, what Ropes used to call "the singular problem of the Epistle to the Galatians" has hardly been faced; for another, the closing years of Paul's life are reconstructed as though all difficulties had vanished. Yet, in the main, one cannot help but be pleased. For those who this year have been reading Asch or Klausner, there is now available another interpretation of the Great Apostle wherein the vision on the road to Damascus becomes not a re-routing but rather a restating of the message first set forth by the Christ of God.

HENRY G. J. BECK.

A Guide to Public Opinion Polls. George Gallup. Princeton. $1.50.

THE QUESTIONS skeptics ask about the polls and how they are answered. The technique is now perfected to the point where four hundred replies will give an indication of American public opinion within eight percent of complete accuracy. The usual poll reaches 2,500 to 5,000 people and is 98 percent accurate. The secret lies in reaching representatives of all major adult population groups. Potentialities of the Gallup system are indicated by the author's claim that in a pinch he could get nation-wide American opinion on any question within forty-eight hours.

Poland and Russia. Ann Su Cardwell. Sheed. $2.75.

OF VERY limited value is this partly documented account of the recent cruelty of the Russians to the Poles. That it is by a non-Catholic is not necessarily reassuring if we remember Mr. Sedgwick's encomiums of General Franco. What is lacking here is any feasible suggestion for a solution of the Russo-Polish problem.

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The Inner Forum

Chinese Catholic Cultural Association

THE JUNE issue of *Fu Jen,* official quarterly of the Catholic University of Peking, features an article by Bishop Paul Yu-pin, Vicar Apostolic of Nanking, who is coming to be well known in this country. His subject is "Chinese Catholic Culture" and it goes back over many centuries. The Chinese Catholic Cultural Association he speaks about in his conclusion was founded only two years ago, however. And it is based on the realization that China knows "that she can never be occidental." The Catholics who have formed this association wish to animate Chinese culture with Christian principles; "they wish the Church to be the soul and inspiration of a renascent Chinese culture."

In order to do this a wide range of scholarly activities is planned. Books which show how Catholicism has inspired European and American culture are to be translated into Chinese. Original works in Chinese are to be undertaken on the same subject. Catholic books which were written in the early days of Chinese Christianity are to be revised and issued in new editions. Research bureaus devoted to investigating Chinese culture from a Catholic point of view are to be set up. Catholic and non-Catholic scholars are to give series of lectures and the association is to cooperate with non-Catholic groups which are working to build up Chinese national culture.

A good deal of this new work is to be undertaken in the educational field. One project is to establish chairs of scholastic philosophy in the National Universities. Scholarships are to be provided for deserving students; prizes are to be awarded for scholastic achievement. Professors and students are to be exchanged with the Catholic universities of America and Europe.

The movement is already under way. The Catholic University of Peking has inspired a new period in architecture, with the building of new churches and schools designed with all the beauty of ancient Chinese architecture. Luke Ch'en has achieved remarkable success with his religious paintings—in which the story of the Nativity and other Catholic traditions are expressed before a Chinese background and in Chinese terms. It is reported that in certain parts of China certain priests are currently "experimenting with Chinese music, trying to put it to the service of God."

CONTRIBUTORS

Don Luigi STURZO is now living in Brooklyn; he was one of the founders of the Partito Popolare and is the author of numerous books including "Church and State."

Euphemia Van Rensselaer WYATT is the drama critic of the *Catholic World;* she likewise writes in various Catholic publications and occasionally addresses Catholic groups.

Klaus DOHRN was born in Dresden, Germany. He escaped the nazis to Vienna and later to France and Spain. In Vienna he edited a Catholic weekly.

Rev. H. A. REINHOLD is at present teaching at St. Mary's College, Holy Cross, Indiana.

Edward L. KEYES, M.D., was one of the founders of THE COMMONWEAL.

Rev. Henry G. J. BECK, is a member of the faculty of the Immaculate Conception Seminary, Darlington, N. J.

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